

THE CHILDLESS

"I wonder why I shed those tears
When they laid my little child away?
After the lapse of wearying years
I am glad that I sit alone to-day;
I can hear his laugh and his glad wild
shout,
I can see him still, as he ran about,
And I know the prayer he used to say.

"I hold his picture to my face
And I fancy I feel his hand again
As it creeps into mine, and he takes his
place.
On my knee, as he did in the fair days
when
The world and the fates were kind to me
And the songs I heard were but songs of
glee,
And I stirred the envy of other men.

"His days were only days of joy,
Happy, he shouted the hours away;
He was glad with the glee of a careless
boy.
He laughed as only the innocent may;
He never was doomed to wearily fret
He never looked back with vain regret
At the close of a sorrowful day.

"I keep the little clothes he wore,
I treasure the shoes that encased his
feet;
The way was smooth that he traveled
o'er,
The flowers that bloomed at its sides
were sweet;
The winds that blew through his curly
hair
Had blown out of peaceful realms and
fair—
There were no grim foes that he had to
meet.

"I wonder why I shed those tears
When they crossed his hands and laid
him away?
After the lapse of wearying years
I am glad that I toll alone to-day!
He knew life's gladness, but not its woe,
And I have his memory, and I know
The sweet little prayer he used to say."
—S. E. Kiser.



The Girl of Lamy.

BY H. A. CALLAHAN.
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Just a handful of wooden houses in Lamy, thrown together as if by the haphazard hand of a careless god into the little pocket of the mountains that stand like priests around the city of Santa Fe. Here it is that the dust gray coaches which thunder in from Arizona on the west, meet their brothers from the east and exchange for a few brief moments the greetings of the way.

Of course, the red clap-board eating-house and station are the main attractions during these arrivals and present scenes of unwonted activity to those accustomed to the aching solitude of the place by day or its blinking dreaminess beneath the stars at night.

No one distinctly remembers just when or how the Girl became an institution at Lamy. However, they do remember that one September morning some years back there was a new face behind the counter in the eating-house; a face framed in dull gold hair and lighted by two blue-gray eyes, which seemed forever on the brink of laughter. The boys who made their home in the little clap-board affair used to call her Mollie; but it was a name of their own devising and she accepted it, as she did many other little things, with an inscrutable smile that puzzled, yet meant nothing. When the crews would come in from a heavy climb, soaked to the bone with rain and sleet, the Girl was there in a motherly way, with a stiff three fingers of whisky and a supper that lifted them clear of their weariness. Or, if on a Saturday night,



A New Face Behind the Counter.
The sounds of a brawl would faint down on the still air the Girl would walk over to German Joe's in a business-like way and scatter the drunkest of them with a quiet word and an admonitory jerk of the sleeve that sent them sneaking out like coyotes. Then, perhaps, she would stand and smile in

the doorway with her hair blowing in the wind, her eyes speaking more plainly than words that a new era had begun in Lamy. Her sway was absolute. And it was not long before every fire-boy and throttle-man on the Division had had his own individual experience,



"Where's Dan?"

tamed by the graceful slip of a girl with golden hair, who seemingly came from nowhere—the Angel of the Grade. This was all before Dan Beard happened in. Dan was from the Colorado hills and no angel. They had put him first on the little bunt line that runs crazily over the hills to Santa Fe. Then he was shifted to the main line for relay work and became a fixture at Lamy. Dan was six feet one, brown as leather and as tough, and incidentally could drink more whisky than any man this side of Phoenix. He spent his mornings against the bar in German Joe's place, cursing out the road, from the president down. Then about ten minutes before his run began he would shuffle over to his machine and get his orders. When these were duly scanned Dan would open up No. 20 gently and sneak out of Lamy like a snake, but before the whistling post was passed he had her galloping over the rails like a frightened thing and bellowing like a bull. He became notorious as the most reckless devil on the road, and everybody said that sooner or later there would be a smash somewhere up in the hills and Dan Beard would get off the line forever. But the smash didn't seem to come, and Dan's mad way continued. Then a change came. It was almost imperceptible. But gradually Dan dropped away from the whisky and bade fair to quit it altogether. He didn't take the grades so fast and slackened up on the curves almost like the rest. Some said it was "Mollie." Some said the Division Superintendent. Nobody ever really knew.

It was a morning in the early June the great event occurred. A dispatch had come over the wires saying that a special was coming from the east and

that a double-header would be needed to carry it over the grades. Dan Beard's No. 20 could climb a tree, and the big fellow got his orders to make the run. It was getting close to starting time and Johnny Coleman, Dan's fire boy, was growing anxious. Dan had not shown up all morning. He was not at German Joe's, nor around the station. The dispatcher was standing in the sun looking at his watch and swearing safely to himself. He was just on the point of putting another man on No. 20, when something white caught his eye on the hill-path that runs above the cut. As it came nearer he saw it was Mollie, and right behind was Dan, clumsily picking his way over the stones. At the station Dan called out: "All ready," to the dispatcher, looking rather sheepish and strangely happy.

"Remember, Dan," spoke Mollie, as No. 20 began to move. "Not another drop, little girl. Not another—" and he waved a brown fist back at the girl, as the tender bumped over the switch to the main track. And not until the big machine dwindled to a mere bug in the distance did Mollie turn her back and disappear in the doorway.

That night the special from the east was late. It crept into Lamy with one engine and that engine was not No. 20. The little knot that gathered in curiosity on the platform felt in their hearts something was impending. Johnny Coleman limped up, his head bandaged in white cloth, and looking weak and sick.

"Where's Dan?" asked a little woman with a face very white.

Johnny Coleman did not answer, but looked uneasily away. They were lifting something very gently from the baggage car to lay it on the platform. Johnny told as briefly as possible the details.

"Making up time, we left the track at the culvert," he said. "I jumped clear, but Dan didn't get out in time. When we got him from beneath he was pretty bad. And—" (someone was crying very softly over where Dan lay.) Johnny continued: "I guess we could ha' pulled 'im through at that. But he wouldn't take the whisky we give him.

"'Ain't drinking, Johnny; not another drop,' was all he said, and then he sort o' turned over like a tired little kid and—I 'spose that's when he died."

That night was a lonely vigil in Lamy and along in the early dawn they buried Dan Beard. He's up there near the hill-path that runs above the cut, and can hear the 100 tonners climbing up the grade. And sometimes when the boys give the long blast for the Junction they just pull a short one for Dan—the worst man on the Division.

If you are ever down that way, drop in on the girl at the eating-house. She's not very stylish, and I guess perhaps her talk is a bit western, but somehow or other they seem to think pretty well of her in Lamy. And, by the way, they don't call her "Mollie" any more. It's just Dan Beard's girl—the Girl at Lamy.

"There's a Pipe."
Do you know there is much fake business about the pipe-smoking and pipe-offering host? So long has the earth been flooded with rot and rubbish about "the pipe" that ordinary men must live fifty years before they can break away from the idea that a briar or cob, packed with long-cut or granulated at 20 cents a pound is the very quintessence of comfort and hospitality. Tut-tut! Who wants to put between his lips a gutta-percha stem that others have slobbered through? I have in mind several acquaintances who keep on hand from ten to a dozen rancid old pipes to hand around when friends call. Such men are practicing economy for economy's sake. They are too mean to offer you a 10-cent cigar, and pretend that their dirty old pipes are good enough for anybody. Catch 'em outside and ask if they'll have a smoke. Why, certainly. And they order quarter cigars. I have had much experience of these chaps.—New York Press.

Advice to Girls Who Travel.
The young girl who is traveling by herself should seek information from the train people rather than from her companions on the train. No girl in traveling should make confidants of strangers of either sex, disclose her name, her destination or her family affairs, or make acquaintances on the road. She may, however, show kind attention to a mother traveling with little children, amuse a wearied little one, and politely thank anyone who does her an unobtrusive kindness.—Margaret E. Sangster in the Ladies' Home Journal.

A Cosmopolitan Army.
The conflict between the Germans and Czechs in Austria-Hungary, which deserves Secretary Seward's appellation of "the irrepressible conflict," makes interesting a study of the elements composing the army of that country, which consists of 428,000 Slavs, 227,000 Allemands, 120,000 Magyars, 48,000 Roumanians and 14,000 Italians. The Slavs are made up of 174,000 Czechs, 76,000 Poles, 75,000 Ruthenians, 75,000 Croatsians and Serbians and 28,000 Slavonians.

New York the Sunniest City.
New York claims to be the sunniest of the large cities. The United States weather bureau has charts in light and shade showing, from 1870 to 1895, how many days have been sunny in each part of the country. Although Arizona has sometimes attained a percentage of 80 and other parts of the west have seen very clear skies, New York city follows closely with a mean percentage of 50.

Our Wildest Tribe

Account of the Seri by Professor McGee

Physically, the Seri are cast in heroic mold. The mean adult stature is 6 feet for males and 5 feet 8½ inches for females, i. e., with the possible exception of one or two Patagonian peoples, the Seri are the tallest aborigines of America. Both sexes are notable for robustitude of chest and slenderness of limb, though the extremities are large. The great chests and huge haunches of the Seri bear witness to their own naive descriptions of the chase, in which three or five striplings partly surround and partly run down Jack rabbits, and five hunters habitually capture deer in similar fashion; and these recitals are corroborated in turn by dozens of vaqueros who have seen small bands spring on the withers of full-grown horses, break their necks by jaguar-like twists, rend them into quarters with teeth and nails, and then shoulder these and flee over the sand wastes so swiftly as to escape pursuing horsemen. The Seri inhabit a region of hunters, yet they are so far the fittest of all and so distinguished by a peculiar "collected" or up-stepping gait (like that of a thoroughbred racer or prowling coyote) as to have gained their tribal sobriquet—they are "spry" par excellence, even among the light-footed Tarahumari and Otomi and Papago. In their own view, the glory of the Seri tribe is in their hair; it is black and luxuriant, and is worn long by both sexes, who brush and cultivate it with tireless assiduity; it is not merely admired, but revered nearly or quite unto worship and interwoven with a faith in a Samsonian cult which throws light on many obscure customs of various peoples in the several stages of culture. The tresses are treasured as symbols of vigor and of fecundity; the combings are kept scrupulously smoothed and twisted into slender strands, wound on skewers and eventually worked into necklaces and belts; indeed, the locks symbolize shield as well as strength, even to the engendering of ideas of appearing along those lines of associative and emblematic development by which the primitive mind is swayed. The chief occupations of the Seri are food getting and fighting. Their foremost food source is the green turtle, which is taken by means of a light-lip-head harpoon, broken up with cobblestones, and promptly gorged from entrails to flipper bones and sinew—and even to plastron if the family is large and the chelonian small. Pelicans and other water fowl yield quotas of food, as do all manner of fish and shellfish; and during the season of cactus fruits the younger folk and even the elders fatten inordinately on tunas

and their seeds—the latter eaten twice in ancient Californian fashion. The much-mooted question of cannibalism must be left open; the affirmative is favored by the blood craze of battle and presumption that it ends like the chase it mimics in gluttonous gorging of raw flesh, and also by other analogies; but the negative may rest provisionally on the dearth of direct evidence and the consistent denials entered by the tribesmen themselves.

Throughout Seriland as implied, indeed, by the proper designation "our-great-mother-folk-her" the matron holds higher rank than even the doughtiest warrior. The tribal law is founded on faith and expressed in terms of kinship and relative age, the kinship is traced only in the maternal line—in fact, it is questionable whether paternity is recognized—the female has no word for father, and the term used by the male to denote his sire seems of doubtful meaning, and there are no old men in the tribe. So the matron is priestess, lawgiver and judge, while her brothers in order of age are the appellate executives, and her spouse merely a perpetual guest from another clan without voice in domestic matters, save perchance in social turnouts attending war. The woman is the prepotent factor in tribal existence, she is the shaman who brews the magic arrow poison, the wise one who casts protecting charms over outgoing warriors and lays spells on enemies, she is the shaper of the life-preserving olla, the maker of the sacred haircrown, she is the lady of the feast, sharing the portions and keeping alive the distributive tabus by which the rights of the weak are protected; she is the blood carrier and the facemark bearer of the clan; and at death she is buried with ceremony and mourned long and loud as a link in the tribal lineage, while her warrior spouse rots where he falls.

Noah's Ark Not the First Ship.
Noah's ark is generally supposed to be the earliest ship of which we have records, but there exists paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between 70 and 80 centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence, in Egypt, boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about 32 feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo.

Arsenic Eaters

Austrian Peasants Use It So Freely It Preserves Their Dead Bodies

Immense quantities of arsenic are consumed by the peasants of Styria and the Tyrol. An Austrian doctor who examined into this matter found that arsenic was kept in most of the houses in upper Styria under the name of "hydrach," evidently a corruption of "hutenrauch," or furnace smoke. Arsenic is principally eaten by hunters and woodcutters, with the object of warding off fatigue and improving their staying powers. Owing to the fact that the sale of arsenic is illegal in Austria without a doctor's certificate it is difficult to obtain definite information of a habit which is kept as secret as possible. According to a Dr. Lorenzo, in that district the arsenic is taken fasting, usually in a cup of coffee, the first dose being minute, but increased day by day, until it sometimes amounts to the enormous dose of 12 or 15 grains. He found that the arsenic eaters were usually long-lived, though liable to sudden death. They have a very fresh, youthful appearance and are seldom attacked by infectious diseases.

toms of slight arsenic poisoning are evident, but these soon disappear on continuing the treatment.

In the arsenic factories in Salzburg it is stated that workmen who are not arsenic eaters soon succumb to the fumes. The manager of one of these works says that he had been medically advised to eat arsenic before taking up his position. He considered that no one should begin the practice before 12 years old nor after 30, and that in any case after 50 years of age the daily dose should be gradually reduced, since otherwise sudden death would ensue. If a confirmed arsenic eater suddenly attempts to do altogether without the drug he immediately succumbs to the effects of arsenic poisoning. The only way to obviate this is gradually to acclimatize the system by reducing the dose from day to day. As another evidence of the cumulative properties of arsenic it is interesting to note that when the graveyards in upper Styria are opened the bodies of the arsenic-eaters can be distinguished by their almost perfect state of preservation, due to the gradually accumulated arsenic.

AN INCREASING PENSION LIST...

The pension list is larger by 2,000 names than it was a year ago in spite of the death losses, and the appropriation of \$145,000,000 for pension payments during the year will fall short of the amount needed to meet all demands by at least \$150,000, says Leslie's Weekly. But the most significant thing is that 43,874 claims have been filed at the department on account of the war with Spain. These figures seem almost incredible when it is remembered that the war actually lasted only thirty days, and that the number of men engaged in hostile action on land and sea was only a few thousands. It does not follow, of course, that all the claims filed will be granted, and probably a large proportion of them will fall for good and sufficient reasons. During the eleven months ending June 30, 2,369 pensions were granted to invalids coming out of the war, and to 1,156 Spanish war widows and orphans. But the enormous number of claims filed show an inclination on the part of the persons who served their country in that war period not altogether pleasing to contemplate. It looks very much as though patriotism was not an inspiring motive in many cases so much as a desire to get a

chance for a steady pull at the cash drawer of Uncle Sam.

Poor Man's Friend.
The pipe is the poor man's friend, and it is low down and contemptible for fellows in comfortable circumstances to make play of it. Puffing at a pipe is neither a fashionable nor an agreeable diversion. Cynics, hypochondriacs, disappointed cranks, pessimists and lunatics smoke pipes because they like to be stared at. Philosophers past the age of 50 smoke pipes because their contents are sedative. But take them all-in-all pipes are filthy nuisances. You can easily detect a pipe smoker by the skin of his teeth, green-brown with nicotine lodged there, and by his personal smell to heaven. But, after all, what is more calculated to amuse than a good old Irishman with his dudder? Let me quote: "It is not the descendants of the Mayflower, in short, who are the representative Americans of the present day; it is the Micks and the Pats, the Hanses and the Wilhelms, redolent still of the dudder and the souerkrout barrel." Great Scott!—New York Press.

The Silk Hat Issue.

The municipal council of the little French town of Courteuil is discussing an ordinance forbidding the wearing of tall silk hats within its borders. The "stovepipe" is condemned in the argument of the advocates of the ordinance as a "ridiculous headgear" which by reason of its costliness constitutes a badge of social superiority, and is, therefore, humiliating to those who never wear it. The tall hat, reformers declare, "is used only by artscroffers who live and grow fat on the sweat of the poor."

A Century's Growth Illustrated.
Only 100 years ago the other day the Thames saw a curious little scene which the newspapers reported as follows: "An experiment took place on the river Thames for the purpose of working a barge or any other heavy craft against the tide by means of a steam engine of a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly, and she made her way against a strong current at the rate of two miles and a half an hour."

Most of us would rather watch others than work ourselves.

A man does not possess what he has but what he is.

Time is like a verb that can only be used in the present tense.

The best praise of the sermon is its practice.

Lame back makes a young man feel old. Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. See your druggist.

Boiling anger scalds nobody's fingers but our own.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

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